Rod. Ile be with thee betimes.
Iag Go to, farewell:—doe you heare *Roderigo*?
Rod. What say you?
Iag. No more of drowning, doe you heare?
Rod. I am chang'd, Ile goe sell all my land.
Exit Roderigo.
Iag. Thus doe I euer make my foole my purse:
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit: I hate the Moore,
And it is thought abroad, that twixt my sheetes
Ha's done my office; I know not, if't be true—
Yet I for meere suspition in that kind,
Will doe, as if for surety: he holds me well,
The better shall my purpose worke on him.
Cassio's a proper man, let me see now,
To get this place, and to plume vp my will,
A double knauery—how, how,—let me see,
After some time, to abuse *Othellos* eare,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He has a person and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected, fram'd to make women false:
The Moore is of a free and open nature,
That thinkes men honest, that but seemes to be so:
And will as tenderly be led bith' nose—as Asses are:
I ha't, it is ingender'd: Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the worlds light. *Exit.*

Actus 2. *Scœna* 1.

Enter Montanio, *Gouernor of* Cyprus, *With two other Gentlemen.*

Montanio.

VVHat from the Cape can you discerne at Sea?
1 *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high wrought flood,
I cannot twixt the heauen and the mayne
Descry a saile.
Mon.

Mon. Me thinkes the wind does speake aloud at
A fuller blast nere shooke our battlements:
If it ha ruffian so vpon the sea,
What ribbes of Oake, when mountaine melt on them
Can hold the mortises,—What shall we heare of this?
2 *Gent.* A segregation of the *Turkish* fleete:
For doe but stand vpon the foaming shore,
The chiding billowes seemes to pelt the cloudes,
The wind shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mayne
Seemes to cast water on the burning Beare,
And quench the guards of th'euer fired pole,
I neuer did like molestation view,
On the enchafed flood.
Mon. If that the *Turkish* Fleete
Be not inshelter'd, and embayed, they are drown'd,
It is impossible to beare it out.
Enter a third Gentleman.
3 *Gent.* Newes Lads, your warres are done:
The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the *Turke*,
That their designment halts:
A Noble shippe of *Venice*,
Hath seene a grieuous wracke and sufferance
On most part of their Fleete.
Mon. How, is this true?
3 *Gen* The shippe is here put in:
A Veronesa, *Michael Cassio*,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moore *Othello*,
Is come a shore: the Moore himselfe at Sea,
And is in full Commission here for *Cyprus*.
Mon. I am glad on't, tis a worthy Gouernour.
3 *Gen.* But this same *Cassio*, tho he speake of comfort
Touching the *Turkish* losse, yet he lookes sadly,
And prayes the Moore be safe, for they were parted,
With foule and violent Tempest.
Mon. Pray heauen he be:
For I haue seru'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Soldier:
Lets to the sea side, ho.